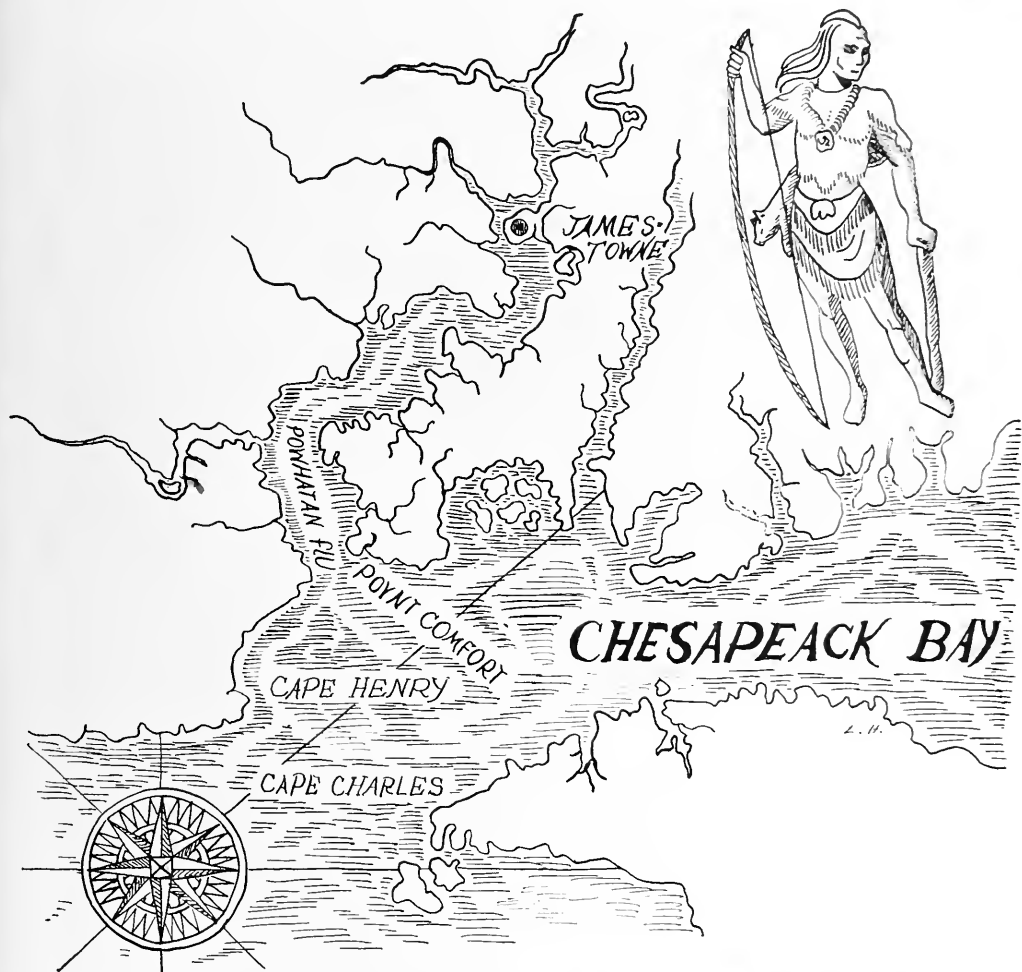


COLONNADE



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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE
Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XX

March, 1957

No. 2

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Song of the Tower

(The Old Church Tower, Jamestown Island)

Yet stately it stands, half crumbled but strang,
Remembering still the hallowed song,
"Nawe prayse we al our God . . ."
Sung by the first to mark the sod
Of that new land to which they'd come,
Forgetting by will a former home;
That land where fear and harshness reigned.
But! . . . See! They gained!
A new, free world by them was born.
And their sons of a tyrant's will were shorn.
And still at sun-break or even-day
The tower's song lisps on its silver way,
Fanned soft by the wind and the river's breath:
"I mark their liberty . . . and mourn their
death."

—JOYCE SEDIVY

TWO PEPSI'S TO GO

IT MUST BE THE WEATHER—something about the way the rain sloshes down the collar of your faded "trench" . . . something about the way freshmen begin to look like upper-classmen, and the infirmary begins to feel like home and mother. At any rate the muse season has arrived in fine fashion for the cap and gown clan . . . a dwindled breed, a muted sect.

How O, How O, How O, does one begin a solemn farewell to the editorial "we"—the printer's ink on the cuff, the blurred piles of accumulated copy, the V.I.P.A. bulletins, and the proverbial exchange magazines.

The world goes around and around, and the most fun of all is to go wading in January. Look for the skyscrapers and the gum machines . . . listen for the lullabies and the college cheers . . . Know the wars and the Star Spangled Banner . . . and be a people.

Red and Green make blue; don't ever forget that; and Sirius is the one you can always count on for a wink or two. Sponsors are the strangest breed of people; we must remember to be one. They have pocketsful of understanding and the most inspiring ideas. In reality, this does make thank-you seem such a small phrase.

Having been reared by an excellent staff, in these years fifty-six, fifty-seven, we can afford a bit of philosophy. Cheers and luck to the incoming **Colonnade**.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on . . ." and the less said about that, the better.

First Place Short Story

THEM

By EMILY UMBARGER



THE stars still shone palely, but dawn had come. A fine mist drifted over the earth and over **them**. All through the long sleepless night **they** had crept nearer and nearer. Just a few steps. . . no more than a yard or so . . . why was the flesh so weak and trembling? Nothing would happen!

Betty took the empty water pail and slipped through the door. Its closing made her pause for an instant as fear washed over her. She huddled against the door's solid comfort, memories of the past flashing before her.

Tom had been the one who had lived and dreamed the New World and its opportunities. Betty had feared it and its dangers, but she hid her feelings and followed Tom unhesitatingly.

The New World had been a disappointment with poor food, disease, and the never-ending danger of the French and Indians. The first year had been a weary cycle of cold, and work, and Indian wars, and death but Tom had found his land-grant and worked it, putting his heart in every furrow he plowed, in each tree he felled. The cabin and fields bore the print of Betty's presence too, but she hated them all.

When she told Tom he would be a father during the harvest time, he had eagerly spoken of the baby's heritage of free land and opportunity. Betty had broken then and said the child would inherit only brutal trials and danger. She had begged him to take her back to England. The look on Tom's face as he realized she didn't share his dreams had hushed her cries, but a void had widened between them.

Then, yesterday morning, Tom had gone to the distant village to buy plowshares for the spring planting. Betty stood in the door and watched him ride away on their painfully thin horse. The day had lengthened and aged into evening, but he didn't return. Suddenly **they** were there, hiding behind the trees and creeping over the fences . . . why didn't Tom come? Violet shadows began to cup the cabin in dark hands and the stillness grew but she feared to break the hush. Finally, near midnight, the thump of hooves brought her flying to the doorway. After an eternity Tom came slowly up the path. She raced to meet him, in her relief forgetting their coldness.

He started to speak . . . but his legs crumpled and he slid to the ground. She

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screamed and knelt beside him. The fall had knocked his hat off and revealed a bloody bandage around his head. In a dream she saw herself half-lifting, half dragging him into the cabin. Then the someone within her began directing her hands in washing and binding the wound. That done, she found herself standing there, staring down at him, all expression and emotion drained, leaving only a numbness.

Tom's eyes had opened at last. They held a curious mixture of sorrow, regret, and love . . . but no apologies. He spoke faintly, as if his tongue were parched and swollen.

In the village there had been men from the French government, who had tried to persuade the colonists to sign over their land in exchange for money and French citizenship. Tom had knocked one of them down but they followed him from the village.

The talking had tired him and he fell into an exhausted sleep. Every hour she moistened his lips and watched the fever grow helplessly. His flesh was burning but he mourned of the cold.

Suddenly **they** were there, waiting outside. Fear washed over her like a cold beast of wind. Fear clogged the air! **They** were waiting until she slept—then **they** would creep in like snakes and she would wake to the cold pain of the knife, or the horror of the fire.

She spent the long hours sitting by Tom's side. Sleep became another enemy that must be fought, and finally the silence. Not a twig burst, nor a leaf rustled, nor a wind sighed. The night stood breathless watching **them**—and her.

Finally Betty's body relaxed and vague, disconcerting memories **trooped** unbidden into her mind. There was Tom's voice, light and confident, talking of the New World. Then her parents' faces, bidding her good-by. Tom's voice again, discussing plans for the baby—then her voice—breaking across the others shrilly, screaming and begging to go back to London.

Tom got worse. His eyes were painfully bright, his cheeks and ugly red. Over and over he pled for water, but there was none! The water pail was empty!

Outside, the faint rays of false dawn were lighting the sky. Betty stood there before the

water pail—shaken by mighty inner conflict. Her love for Tom was a clear flute note soaring above the pulsing lead ocean of fear. Then there was a sudden silence of thought—Tom's breathing had changed! It became hoarse and rasping in the still room. Suppose Tom should die? Her whole being stood waiting for her answer. She was at the door opening it—standing there looking at the day!

Betty came to herself with a start. She wondered how long she had stood there engrossed in memories. Resolutely she started down the path.

Every shadow of the mist seemed one of them. She thrust aside the temptation to run. The creek seemed to leap out of the ground at her feet. It was covered with a thin skim of unbroken ice—maybe **they** were gone! Then as she was rising she saw it—a motionless shape in the mist. For a long minute she stood there, frozen by terror. Then the mist shifted and she found she was staring at a tall stump. Relief and dawning comprehension almost unnerved her. **They** had never been there. She feared **them** so much they had become a constant part of her life. All she had to do was lift the mist and find her terrors gone.

She turned and started up the path. The sun was rising and gilded the whole world in its rays. With every step her fears were falling away.

She reached the cabin but paused a moment to look around her. Her heart was full as she looked at the land. A sudden love for it engulfed her. She stepped into the cabin smiling.

Tom had awakened. His face was flushed and his eyes still overly bright, but the long sleep had put him out of danger. Betty smiled into his eyes as she held the gourd for him to drink. What a wonderful life lay before them, building a home for their children and their children's children. How surprised Tom would be when she told him of the lesson she had learned: that fear is great only when one is blind. When the mists are stripped away there's nothing behind them. They would teach this lesson to their children.

Virginia

A DRAMATIC POEM IN ONE ACT

by VIVIEN WILLET

First Place Drama

Dramatis Personae

Virginia A symbol of the spirit of early Virginia, 1607.

Thomas A symbol of doubt and despair.

Dora A symbol of those who sought escape from the hardships of the New World rather than fighting to overcome them.

Death Personification of the evil that Dora created in her rejection of Virginia.

Scene. A rustic interior. Dora is delirious with fever.
In or darkened corner by the bed is seated death.

Time. Winter of 1607, Jamestown, Virginia.

Thomas. To journey home, then have no home.
At the journey's end!
A field of grain once held a vision
Of gold and dreams of liberty;
Yet as that grain did fade away,
So faded hope and dreams.

Virginia. What thou sought was good!
The rose would never be as fair
Without its fragrance;
The birds could never greet the Spring
Without their song;
The heavens could not light the earth
Without the stars:
And Spring could never bring the flowers
Without the rain.
Yet more than this, as thou must surely know,
Thou must have faith before thy hope can grow.

Thomas. I know not hope.
The hand that shapeth the sands of destiny
Now holdeth the painted sky within its power;
It marketh the ways of waters of the sea,
Then bringeth forth a year to seem an hour.
This is the will that doth not yield to me—
It cannot bow for it must always plan
And rule my life, then turn my thoughts to be
A symbol of its triumph over man!
The time that passeth swiftly when I ask

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That it remain and be my friend a while,
Is ever held beneath that lifeless mask
Of Fate that lingereth with its loveless smile.

Virginia. The day life cannot see, and when Death can,
Then Fate shall lose its power avar man.
The earth did give me up from its dust
And will take me back unto its dust.
The sea may sing its songs to me or may
Swallow me up within its depths.
The sky may light my way with stars,
Or may send its tempest upon my head.
I may accept the kindest fate and live.

Thomas. Thou wilt live for thy child,
But will thy child live for thee?

Virginia. I hear the words that rule the universe
And see the brown leaves flutter to the earth;
I hear the whirling winds pronounce the curse
Of birth that is death, and death that will be birth.
The only things that cannot be destroyed
Are springs too deep for water to be reached,
Although Death's hand shall seek to hold employed
My traitor with her soul to him bequeathed.
The living die before they live, therefore Death lieth,
And Death will only live before he dieth.
(dim lights)

Dora. The stillness of the night speaketh to me,
And as I listen, its silent footsteps neareth,
The music of the night singeth to me
The soft and lovely music of the spheres.

Death. Dora.

Dora. I hear thy voice, yet I cannot see thy face.
Thy voice is as the mist drawn to the sun.

Death. The light of thy magic tortureth me in this darkness!
If my voice be as the mist, so be my heart.

Dora. Thou didst win my heart the moment our eyes met.
For in that glance my heart was drawn from me
As if it were a breath—as sea that didst let
Its mist be drawn, involuntarily,
To light. And yet I would not will
The sun to shine the less, for through the rain
The mist may be returned unto the sea,
And through thy soul I may find mine again.
The mist distilled, returning in the rain
Giveth all its depth, but even then in vain.

THE COLONNADE

- Death. How didst thou meet my eyes when thou has not
 seen my face?
- Dora. By thy voice I do know thy face.
 While thou art clothed only in the soble night,
 Yet richly vested in the velvet blackness,
 Watching the dying sun without emotion,
 Yet watching with desire each shadow that is born;
 Though thou art cold as stone and uncurs't by
 symmetry,
 That chill is not of ice, but of thy voice—
 Thy breath that holdeth the dew revealed
 before the ice can freeze,
 And breathing still, thy being cannot be doomed
 to shape.
- Death. Come. With all my being I do love thee.
 Thou mayest rest, but thy soul shall never sleep.
- Dora. Deceive me not.
 The darkness doth wrop its mantle over me,
 And the turning earth rocketh me to sleep . . .
- Virginia. My child!
- Death. (softly) Come. Thou art mine forever.
- Virginia Wilt thou not speak to me while thou yet livest?
- Dora. Farewell.
- Virginia. My child, deny me not!
- Dora. Farewell.
- Virginia. My child, I am thy mother, doest thou not know me?
 Alas, this land hath failed to yield
 The treasures thou didst seek to find:
 It is best that thou wilt but forget,
 If in remembering thou breathest hate upon thy fate;
 But I pray thee, child, deny me not.
- Dora. This I cannot deny thee:
 Thou shalt never die. (Death slowly exits, his hands
 out-stretched. Dora rises and follows.)
- Virginia. The sun riseth, the day passeth,
 Then night cometh.
 Another day: One unending cycle
 While others cease.
 The day endeth; but time doth continue,
 As doth Life.
 Many will die, but God shall send
 Others to take their place.

Redemption

First Place Poetry

For a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco—
A colonist can buy a wife.
For a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco—
A man can have a woman,
A woman to help him make of the wilderness of the New World
A home.
As my ship plunges across the Atlantic—
I think of the England that I have left behind.
As my ship plunges across the Atlantic—
I gaze back at the expanse of ocean,
The ocean whose towering waves rise like strong, groping fingers
to draw the curtain of obscurity over
My past.
On board are other young women like me—
Each with a reason for leaving her home.
On board are other young women like me—
Unsure of the future, yet eager and glad, to start afresh, to
begin
A new life.
Perhaps in the New World I too can forget—
The hunger and hardship and hating and hell.
Perhaps in the New World I too can forget—
The starving and stealing and sinning and slums,
The slums where my mother died of poverty and hard work,
where my father died of just-despair, where I learned that
life can be dirty
And cruel.
Many young men are waiting this ship—
Men with weathered faces and work-worn hands.
Many young men are awaiting this ship—
Men with anxious minds and lonely hearts,
Hearts needing the touch of a woman's hand, the warmth of a
woman's smile, the strength of
A woman's love.
With a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco—
A colonist will pay my passage to the future.
With a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco—
A man may have my love, my devotion, my heart, and my soul,
My soul which I now raise to God in the fervent prayer that
I possess the strength and the courage to face
My destiny.

—CAROLE WHITE

THE SPANISH IN VIRGINIA

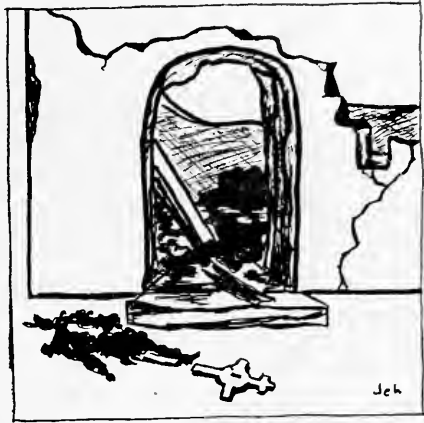
By MARY LEIGH DEANE

First Place Essay

LITTLE known to many Virginians as well as other people of the United States is the fact that there was a Spanish settlement in Virginia thirty-six years before Jamestown was founded.

A group of Jesuits arrived in the territory now known as the Northern Neck of Virginia on September 10, 1770. Crossing the York peninsula, they arrived at a place near the Indian village of Chiskiack, above the York River. There they constructed a small chapel and prepared for the mission which they hoped to found. In the group which made this journey were two Jesuit priests, three other brothers of this order, three scholars, a young adventurer, and a native guide.

This native guide was both the cause of the expedition and the cause of its ultimate destruction. He was the nephew of an Ajacan chief and had given himself up to the Spaniards when the explorers had been in the region some ten years earlier. The young Prince of Ajacan was taken to Spain by his captors to be presented at the court of Phillip II. There he was baptized as a Christian and given the name of his sponsor, don Luis de Velasco, who was the Viceroy of Mexico. While he was at the court, the Indian was treated very honorably and kindly, receiving the benefits of visiting royalty. Indeed, he was thought to be such, since he told them accounts of his fabulous empire. The convert enjoyed the luxuries of court life for several years, all the time filling his hosts with tales of the many riches and wonders which could be found in his native land. These tales included an enumeration of the gold and other precious metals and jewels, just waiting to be picked up from the ground. Whether the First Virginians Abroad deliberately hoodwinked his new-found friends is not known, but whatever his purpose, he was successful in making them believe that they were about to discover a paradise even richer than Mexico. The new don Luis even drew



maps to convince them that the waterway on which his people lived offered the long-sought direct route to the Orient.

The Spaniards thought that they were on the brink of great things, but just to insure the safety of later settlers, a mission would have to be established first to baptize and thus Christianize the natives. There was a difference of opinion as to whether soldiers should go with them to build a fort and keep guard, but the priests argued that this would be defeating the purpose of the mission, which was to promote peace with the Indians. Also, the Prince of Ajacan assured them that his warriors would provide all the help that would be needed. The Priests won out and the group set sail for the even newer New World. It was to prove a hollow victory, though, one for which they would pay with their lives.

Upon their arrival in the new territory, their guide and fellow Christian was a help to them at first, showing them how to survive in the wilderness which they found. However, as soon as the boat weighed anchor to return to Spain for supplies and other settlers, don

(Continued on page 18)

Pictorial of Early V



Pocahontas died of . . .
(too much) consumption.

During the starvation time
in Jamestown, a man was
so hungry he salted his
wife for food.

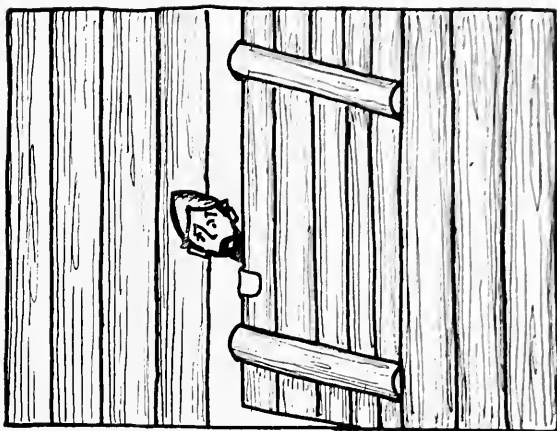


The White Man
helped civilize
the Indian by bring-
ing European
Inventions and
advancements
with him—
the wheel, for
instance.

DR. FRANCIS B. SIM

History

ginia



Captain John Smith was forever in search of new worlds to conquer.



Pocahontas and John Rolfe introduced tobacco from Virginia to the European market.

and LYNNE HIGGENBOTHAM

In this land of beauty and plenty, the Colonists found what they thought was the luscious fruit of the olive . . . But it turned out to be a persimmon!



A Home In the Wilderness

By CHRISTINE JONES

Second Place Short Story

THE morning sun was hot on Martha's face as she stood beside her mother in the little ship. In a few minutes she would set foot on Virginia soil, and the journey from England would be over. Strange visions went through her mind as to what the days ahead held in store for her.

Martha's father was waiting at the boat landing, and she was very happy as she jumped into his outstretched arms. Yet when she looked around, her hopes fell, for Jamestown was just as she had imagined—practically a wilderness. Was this where she was to live? Oh, how she wished she were back in England!

While Martha's mother and father were busily talking, she turned her attention to the boat landing, where all the young men had gathered around the young maids who had come on the ship, and now they were selecting their mates and paying for them. Martha thought this a very crude way of disposing of them, and she wondered if everything about this new place would be as distasteful to her as her first views of it.

As Martha walked with her mother and father up the hill from the boat landing, she noticed that all the houses were enclosed by a huge log wall—some fifteen feet high—which her father called a palisade. Off to some distance she saw a fort with cannon mounted on platforms, and in the rear, the broad forest. As she walked through the gate of the palisade she noticed that almost all of the buildings were alike. They were all built of wood, and most of them were very small. The only building that appeared different was the church, which was built in the center of the palisade. It was larger than the houses and it had a wooden cross on top. After Martha had walked through her new house she was very disappointed, for there were only four crudely furnished rooms.

"Father, everything is so different here than it is in England. I don't see how I shall ever like it."

"I know that it will take time for you to grow accustomed to it, Martha, but you must realize that this is your home now and you should love it and be loyal to it."

"I know that I shall never love it as I do England."

Martha stayed awake a long time that night thinking about all her friends in England and the nice home and the luxuries that she had had. When she finally went to sleep, she dreamed that all of the colonists' homes had been destroyed and that she was on her way back to England.

The next morning Martha was awakened very early by the bright sun streaming into her face. She dressed and went into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over the stove.

"Good morning, dear. Did you sleep well?"

"The bed was too hard," Martha replied, "and I kept hearing noises."

"Just your imagination. Come eat your breakfast."

"Where's Father?"

"He left early to help clear some land."

Martha spent all morning helping her mother clean the house and rearrange the few pieces of furniture. In the afternoon her mother insisted that she go with her to visit some of their neighbors. There were very few girls of Martha's age, and these few did not appeal to her. They were all very excited about their new homes and being in a new country. Martha could not see how they could possibly feel this way, and she had little patience with them.

Martha was very despondent when she went to bed that night, but she was tired so she fell asleep quickly.

The next morning Martha's father asked her to walk with him to the storehouse, where he would show her something that she had never seen before. When they arrived she saw a group of strange looking people putting bags of corn into the building. Instantly she



knew that they must be Indians because they looked just as terrible as the descriptions that she had heard. Most of them were dressed in deerskin, and the women were wearing mantles of feathers over long braids of plaited hair. All of them wore bead necklaces and were tattooed with some sort of red and yellow dye. Most of them had very solemn expressions on their faces. In Martha's mind they were all dirty savages, and she tightened her grip on her father's hand.

"What are they doing here, Father? Why don't they stay in the woods where they belong?"

"Hush, daughter, They're our friends, and it would be very hard for us to get along without them. Many of our crops failed last fall, and they're bringing us food so that we can live."

"But I thought they hated the white people and tried to kill them."

"Well, at first they did, but now they're our friends."

"Just the same I don't like them."

At that moment a smiling little Indian girl saw Martha and came running over to her.

"Hello. You must be Martha. Your father told me you were coming. My name is Matoax."

Martha drew closer to her father. She looked up at him and said, "You didn't tell

me your knew any Indians. Who taught her how to speak English?"

"Oh, a lot of the Indians have learned to speak English, and Matoax has tried very hard to speak it well before you came. I've been telling her about you ever since I've known her because I knew you would be lonely and would want a playmate."

"Playmate! Her?" Martha asked in astonishment. Then she realized that she might have made the little girl feel bad, not that she really cared. When she looked at her, though, she saw that she was still smiling.

Matoax then said, "I've got to go now. May I come and play with you sometime?"

Martha looked up at her father for an answer, and at his nod of approval she said, "I suppose so."

On the way back home Martha's father said, "You must be nice to Matoax. She's really no different from you. She's just a little girl who wants to play and have fun."

"But Father, I don't want to play with a dirty little Indian."

"Martha! Don't say that! You're going to have to learn to accept many things here that you haven't been used to. Remember that you are no longer in England."

"But I wish I were!"

The next morning Matoax came to play

(Continued on page 15)

The Critics' Corner

Simkins, Francis Butler. **Virginia: History, Geography, Government.** New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1957—

THE COLONNADE is honored to present the first printed review of a new seventh grade history textbook written by Dr. Francis B. Simkins, Professor of History at Longwood College.

Dr. Simkins' book deals with the story of Virginia from the Indian civilization before the coming of the white man to the present administration of Governor Thomas B. Stanley. Within the scope of the text, the author has skillfully pictured the foundation and development of the United States as seen through the eyes of Virginians and of Virginia's great leaders. Although such an account may necessarily be a biased one, there is no denying that it is also moving and vividly patriotic. Far from being ashamed of our Old Dominion heritage, we are visibly impressed with Virginia's large and important role in the American struggle for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Beautifully and graphically organized, the work enables the student to look to almost any part of the state in almost any period and discover the events and opinions which go into the making of history. Especially vivid, though perhaps especially narrow and sectional in viewpoint, is the coverage of the Civil War and Reconstruction eras, particularly Robert E. Lee's valiant and determined defense of his native state against the numerically superior Union forces.

The last unit of Dr. Simkins' work treats of the organization of Virginia government. This section particularly illustrates the author's ability to simplify complex material without distorting it any more than is absolutely necessary. This latter quality, along with the author's clear, firm literary style, is undoubtedly the work's most distinguishing feature.

Molly Workman

Fletcher, John Gould. **John Smith—Also Pocahontas.** New York: Brentano's, 1928. pp. 303.

ONCE again, the ghosts of Pocahontas and John Smith roam the forest around Jamestown. In this version, Pocahontas is tiresomely portrayed as the valiant Indian maiden who rescued a strange white man from certain death, while Smith is credited as being the man who single-handedly saved our forefathers from starvation.

Like most second-rate biographers, Mr. Fletcher throws himself into the task of presenting to the public a view of his hero which is disappointingly like that of many other such biographers. To him John Smith is a monumental figure who merits the adoration of the nation's entire school population. The fact that Mr. Fletcher considers himself the author of a "new biography" does not prevent him from expanding his subject's personality and achievements out of all proportion to the actual facts, impressive though they be.

Throughout the entire book, Smith drives himself toward some far-distant goal. That he never reaches it is of little import to the reader, who probably doesn't care, anyway. At the end of the book, the gullible reader may be forced to the conclusion that John Smith was the greatest leader in American history. Surely this small giant must have gone to the great hall of Valhalla to live forever enshrined, a hero of heroes.

Joann Fivel

ROMEO AND JULIET

THE film version of Shakespeare's **Romeo and Juliet**, the latest of the Foreign Film series, presented on February 13, faithfully preserves all the elements which have endeared the play to millions. The beauty of poetic expression, the rich emotional appeal of the love story more than compensates for a well-worn, rather banal plot.

Susan Shentall and Lawrence Harvey give fine performances as the tragic, ill-starred lovers. The charming Miss Shentall, particularly, plays Juliet with a sensitive skill that belies her youthfulness.

A large part of the film's success can be attributed to the superior quality of the technical work. The beauty of the authentic Italian Renaissance scene is heightened by skillful lighting and the glory of technicolor. Splendid costuming and hair styling add to the rich visual effect.

The motion-picture camera has lent to **Romeo and Juliet** a dramatic intimacy seldom achieved on the stage. The close-up technique which allows the actor to express emotion through facial expression is particularly effective during the Capulet's ball, where the camera perfectly catches and conveys the interplay between Romeo and Juliet at their first meeting.

In every way, **Romeo and Juliet** far excels ordinary motion-picture entertainment, and the film emerges as a fine example of Shakespeare's durability and the technical and creative skill of modern movie making.

Carole White
Peggy Henry

A Home In the Wilderness

(Continued from page 13)

with Martha. Martha could tell that her mother instantly liked the smiling little girl, and upon her suggestion she showed Matoax some of the pretty things that she had brought from England. Matoax exclaimed over them so much that Martha found herself actually enjoying it. That night Martha admitted that Matoax was different from what she had expected, and that she had enjoyed playing with her.

Matoax came back to play with Martha almost every day, and Martha soon forgot their differences and they became real friends. Nevertheless, Martha still refused to like her new home. She was tired of having to help her mother cook and clean and sew, and of seeing people sick and dying of fever. Sometimes she felt that everything was against her, and that this new country

resented her as much as she resented it. She wanted to go back to England where she could live in a nice house again and have teas and wear her frilly dresses.

Late one afternoon Matoax asked Martha if she would like to see the wigwams that the Indians lived in, and to spend the night with her in one of them. When Martha told her mother of the invitation she said, "I think you would enjoy it. And besides, you need to get outdoors. I suppose it will be all right for you to spend the night, too, since your father says the Indians are such good friends. Anyway, it's already so late that you wouldn't be able to get back before dark."

As Martha walked through the woods with Matoax, a strange feeling came over her as she saw the first time the loveliness of her surroundings. The leaves of the trees on either side of the little path were turning green again, and the songs of the birds echoed through the woods. The girls crossed a trickling little stream, and then they sat on its bank and watched it go on its merry way. Once a little gray squirrel ran across the path, and they chased it until it scampered up a tree. Soon they stopped to watch the sunset, and for some strange reason it seemed to Martha that it had a richer splendor than the sunsets of England.

All of a sudden Matoax held her finger to her lips and said, "Sh!" After she had listened a moment she said, "I hear drums!"

After they had walked a little farther both girls could hear the drums clearly, and Matoax said, "Come! We must find out what is happening!"

Soon they were close enough to peer from behind the bushes into the opening. Martha's eyes grew as big as saucers as she observed what was going on. She saw about twenty Indians whooping and hollering and dancing around in a circle, and several others standing on the side beating drums. Some of them wore deerskins and some were almost nude. They all wore mantles of feathers, and their bodies were painted many different colors. Some of them wore hideous masks over their faces.

"They're dancing the war dance!" exclaimed Matoax.

THE COLONNADE

"What does it mean?" Martha asked in fright.

"They're going to attack the settlement!"

"No! They couldn't! They're our friends! They've been coming to see us and bringing us food!"

"But they are! That was just to soften you and make it seem that they're peaceful! You just don't know the ways of Indians!"

Suddenly something happened inside Martha and she felt deathly sick. All the things that her father had told her came back into her mind. She remembered his saying that the colonists were starting a new country where there would be new freedoms, and that this was their home and they must love it and be loyal to it.

"Matoax, I've got to warn them!" shouted Martha.

"But I can't go back with you, and you'll never find the way in the dark! You can't go!"

"But I've got to warn them!"

Without a moment's hesitation Martha ran back along the dark path as fast as she could go. Bushes hit her in the face and cut her legs, and several times she tripped and fell. Once she got off the path, but she finally found it again.

When she saw the palisade looming in

front of her she did not even take time to breathe a sigh of relief, but ran straight to the gate. "Let men in! Let me in!" she shouted. The guard recognized her and swung open the gate. Gasping for breath she shouted, "The Indians are going to attack us tonight!" and then she collapsed.

When she finally awoke it was broad daylight, and her mother and father were standing over her. For a moment she could not remember what had happened or where she was, but in a few minutes everything was clear to her.

"Did the Indians come?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, dear," answered her father, "but, thanks to you, we were ready for them, so they were soon forced to leave and no one was harmed."

"Father, it's funny, but when I realized that those Indians were going to attack us, I suppose I realized for the first time that this is my home and these are my friends, and I love them, and I couldn't bear to see them harmed."

"Do you really love Virginia as your home now, dear?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you don't want to go back to England?"

"No, I don't want to go back to England."

To Conceive a Nation

A stone was flung forth among a thousand;
Some thrown carelessly
To land with unechoing thuds.
Few are those ejected from such a mighty
catapult

As to slay Goliaths,
Or as one which erupted from the virgin Angel
To strike with a resounding crash
And cleave the mountains apart.

A mighty child born of purity,
Yet in its crib while eating of the Tree;
Thirsting for all unanswered, unfound,

Plowing with robots, plodding with wings.
Perhaps the virgin would look
Upon her wayward child and weep,
Had she herself not committed adultery.

Greatness is but a pain of progress;
Progress must grovel along her ambitious way,
For she is the foetus of discontentment,—
And without her there would be satisfaction.
The wise infant has turned its back
Against this death called satisfaction,
For had it not
There would be no land, no nation—
Merely dirt.

—CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

The New Flower

The song was sung by the ancient ones,
The ancient ones of wisdom;
The ancient ones of Greece
Did lift their pens and dip them into the ink
And did write
That from the seed of this flower
There shall come this flower once again,
And none other.

There was no man to laugh before them.
There was no man to walk upon their words
And stamp them into dust
And scatter them within the wind
To watch them fall unheeded into the depths of black water.
There was no man in all the earth
To drown the words of the ancient ones,
The ancient scientists from Greece of centuries past.
And so they died content.

And now the new flower has sprung forth.
She lifts her petals to the sun of Heaven;
She lifts her petals and weeps beneath the sun;
She lifts her petals and laughs with the moon and stars.
And the ancient ones turn their backs
And draw their ghost robes about their shoulders
And whisper with a shudder,
"Evildoers love the dark."

The new flower cries and laughs
And sifts the stars among her petals;
And they are many,
A petal for a star.
She is white.
She is white upon the snow.
She has encompassed the world.
She is white
And the sight of her is blinding.
The ancient ones turn their backs
And wrap their ghost robes about them
And close their eyes.
The new flower grows.

—CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

The Spanish In Virginia

(Continued from page 9)

Luis became taciturn. A few days after this he left the mission on the pretexts of gathering food for the Jesuits and recruiting candidates for conversion and joined the tribe of which his uncle was chief. The desertion by their guide greatly affected the morale of the Jesuits, as they had based the success of their venture on their faith in don Luis and now it appeared that all his words had been false.

By his fellow tribesmen the Prince of Aja-can was received as one arisen from the dead, and they were joyful at his return. Undoubtedly he told them about his adventures and of the foreigners in their territory and just as certainly, a scheme was hatched. Although don Luis continued to live with his tribe, they helped the Jesuits and treated them politely. For their comfort with winter approaching, the mission was moved further inland, and the Indians helped with the construction of a chapel. There followed a very religious Autumn in which hundreds of Indians were baptized and converted from their heathenish ways.

However, as soon as winter weather set in and there was no chance of Spanish ships returning with supplies until late in the Spring,

the Indians reverted to their old habits. On February 9, 1571, don Luis and a group of his Indians came to the mission to aid the settlers and requested axes so they could cut some firewood for them. This request was granted and don Luis proceeded to lead his tribe in the massacre of the Spaniards. All of them were murdered in cold blood. Their disemboweled bodies were buried, and then the chapel and other buildings were burned to the ground. After this, the Prince of Ajacon led his people from the Northern Neck into the Blue Ridge Mountains to escape the reach of the Spanish when they returned in the Spring.

Late in the Spring a fleet of Spanish ships arrived with supplies and reinforcements for their colony. They were unable to find any trace of the Jesuits, their mission, or don Luis. Some Indians in Jesuit cowls were on the river bank, but when the Spanish sailed their ships near to question them about the fate of their countrymen, the natives began to shoot arrows at them and they beat a hasty retreat down the river and sailed southward to Mexico.

With this unfortunate development, Spain gave up all ideas of settling that region which is now Virginia and never renewed attempts at colonization in that area. If this attempt of 1570 had been successful, the entire history of this country would have been different.

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